

T H E
 BRITISH HEROE,
 A N E W
 B A L L A D,

On the Valiant Duke of *Cumberland's*
 Journey to *Scotland*.

By a S T A R.



L O N D O N,
 Printed for, and Sold by A MOORE, near Temple-Bar.

MDCCXLVI.

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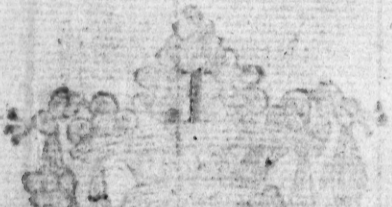
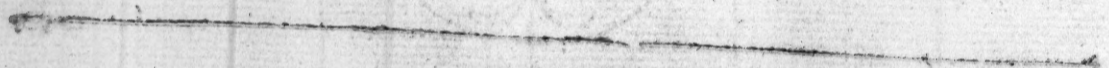
THE
BRITISH HERO

On the Valiant Days of Cumberland's

BRITISH HERO

On the Valiant Days of Cumberland's Journey to

SCOTLAND



INCE WILLIAM the Great

The Defence of the State,

To Scotland is gone in a Hurry;

And Swears he'll make Fall



Pert Charles, the Fall

Printed With a Specimen, A MOORE, near Temple Bar, and Murray.

MDCCCLVI

(3)



THE
BRITISH HEROE,

A NEW
BALLAD,

On the Valiant Duke of Cumberland's Journey to
SCOTLAND.

I.



SINCE WILLIAM the Great,
The Defence of the State,
To Scotland is gone in a Hurry;
And Swears he'll make Fall,
Pert Charley the Tall,
With Sheridan, Drummond and Murray.

But

II.

But should *Jenny* that B--ch,
The young Heroe Bewitch,
By calling the Youth her dear Honey;
He has nought else to do,
But his Cause to pursue,
And first to take *Jane* by the C--y.

III.

Inspired by the Touch,
Of *Jenny's* Nonfuch,
He'll fight Devil, Pope and Pretender;
And *Charles* ne'er shall be,
But ~~To-morrow~~ will he,
Be both *Jenny* and *Scotland's* Defender.

IV.

Thus Inspired by that Spell,
That we all Love so well,
He'll dispise all the Cold and the Snow;
And whilst he is in Arms,
He will Guard us from Harms,
And teach *Rebels* their Duty to know.

With

IV.

With Lady Ogilvie to,
 He must have something to do,
 And leave vanquish'd Charles ne'er a Bunter;
 But make him to fly,
 To the Island of Sky,
 As swift as a young English Hunter.

VI.

Then back to old Rome,
 He must go very soon,
 To old Rome must return tho' unwilling;
 This News tho' so sad,
 Tell Pope and old Dad,
 And there rest like a very bad Shilling.

F I N I S



A NEW

Wish Body to

He must have something to do

And leave vandulish Charles ne'er a Hunter;

But make him to fly

To the hand of the

As swift as a young English Hunter.

VI.

Then back to old Rome

He must go very soon

To old Rome must return tho' unwilling;

This News tho' so sad

Tell Pope and old Dad

And there tell like a very bad Shilling.

F. I. W. I. S.

